Thou hast cald me all these bitter names.
Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.
Qu. Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
Why strewst thou sugar one that botled spider, tune:
Whose deadly web inmareth thee about?
Foole foole thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunch backt toade,
Hast. False boting woman, end thy frantick curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all moou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu. Ma. To serue me well, you should doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my subiects:
Obserue me well and teach your selues that dutie.
Dorf. Dispute not with her she is lunatique.
Qu. Ma Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobility could judge,
What t'were to loose it and be miserable?
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash them to peeces.
Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques,
Dorf. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
Qu. Ma. And turues the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my sunne now in the shade of death,
Whose bright ou shining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neast.
O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so.
Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
Buck. Nor none heere for curses neuer passe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
Qu. Mar Ile not beleeue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he saunes he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him.
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck Nothing that I respect my gratious Lord.
Qu Mar. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore *Margret* was a Prophetesse:
Liue each of you, the subiect of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand an end to heereher curses.
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty?
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Hast. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hot to doe some body good,
That is to cold in thinking one it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

Hee